

Pied Piper will close with the performances of today and even-The entertainments have been an unbounded success, and Miss Eager is receiving great credit. Last night not a seat could be had, and the sales for today have been great. There will be some seats on sale for the boxes and loges, while the upper gallery will be opened to all for twenty-five cents. People have been so generous in buying tickets, flowers, candy, programmes, valentines and poster cards. They have been univer-sally pleased with the entertainment, and the tired, happy managers feel that their work and worry are being

The house has had a brilliant effect at every performance. The beautiful decorations and the handsome gowns at the evening entertainments have added much to the attractiveness of the affair. Last night evening dress was worn by the majority of patrons. Box parties made a brilliant bit of color at the sides, and the booths in the center added to the general effect.

The terrible fire made certain incldents in the entertainments most significant. Mr. Ralph Williams ran over breathless, after working to the limit of exhaustion in assisting in the arrangements at the First National bank, where everything, even the counters and desks, had been placed in safety. He hurried into his costume and gave a splendid interpretation of the Pied Piper, although almost dropping with weariness and excitement.

Misses Alice and Helen Matthews, rather than spoil one of the finest fea-

tures of the evening, the Court Dance, smiled and bowed through the graceful evolutions, while the thought of es sick father, who had insisted that they should appear that evening, and the memory of the family losses must have made their hearts heavy Miss Grace Norton, with the anxiety

and sorrow over her father's repeated calamities fresh before her eyes, came and stood in a booth, where she had promised to assist during both per-

In the evening Mr. Frank Crane speared and seemed to enjoy the performance, notwithstanding that the smoking ruins of his beautiful store must have haunted his thoughts. What a pity it all is, and how brave people are who endure such catasrophes and utter no lamentations.

Tonight it is hoped the ice cream and other booths will be liberally patonized and that the Fete will be more characteristic of its name than on any previous occasion.

The Russian flag dancers are close rivals for the favorites in the voting contest. Their costumes are very effective and the personnel of the dance more than ordinarily attractive. The haperones are: Mrs. R. J. Foster, Mrs. C. D. Sanderson; dance personnel: sodsts, Miss Agnes Callahan, Mr. Miln O'Conneil: Misses Mary Skinner. telly brake; Sara Watson, Anna Willlams, Emma Schimpff, Lottle Skinner, tha Zang, Agnes Callahan, Miss auffman: Messers, H. B. Artley, liph Waring Milton O'Connell, W. B. rener, Frank Kenne, Rupert Thom-

Z. B. Smith, Joseph Drake, beautiful Court dance is a great orit e also. Besides Miss Jessup. Allee Matthews, Mr. Thomas ford Dale and Mr. S. T. Reynolds, pronnel is: Misses Caroline Ben-Clara Van Cleef, Helen Matthews, Pennypacker, Bertha Powell, Kierstead: Messrs, Milton Connell, Harry Hydman, Isaac Has-F. C. Fuller, Ross Surdam, Ralph Williams.

The Shepherds and Shepherdesse who call forth so much applause are: Queen Marie Antoinette, Miss Amy Jossup; Grand Duke, Mr. Thomas Hanford Ethel Baies, Miss May Albro, Miss -Helen Matthews, Miss Bertha Powell, Miss May Pennypacker; Mr. Harold Yost, Mr. F C Fuller, Mr. Alfred Gutheinz, Mr. Tom Gippel, Mr. Ross Surdam, Mr. Harry Hyndman, Ralph Williams, Mr. Isaac Haslam, The lovely maidens with their picture ats and crooks make a tableaux every 3 they appear.

The matinee yesterday was simply crowded and the little people did better than ever. Miss Helen Bray took the place of little Dorothy Page in singing "Paul on the Hillside." George

THE Marie Antoinette Fete and The | Mott was the little lame bay in the place of Herbert Levy and pretty little Dorothy Taylor was "Gretchen" instead of Katharine Coursen. The ab-

sent ones are ill. Strong men and gay and happy wo-men found sobs creeping into their throats yesterday when the children, charmed with the Pied Piper's music, followed him into the dark mountain beyond the sight and only the little lame boy and the lone little rat remained It was just a moment of realistic pathos, but it touched the heart

Today's matinee will begin at 2.30 o'clock, instead of at 4 o'clock as previously.

The beautiful reception given by Hon, and Mrs. William Connell has been an interesting topic in Scranton this week, although it was held in Washington, not only because of the importance of the event as connected with this congressional district but from the fact that Miss Jessie Dimmick, in honor of whose first bow to society the affair was given, is a Scranton girl, enjoying the acquaintance of a large circle, and one in whom a multitude of friends take a vivid interest. The one crumpled rose leaf for her on this delightful occasion was that these many friends could not be present to enjoy with her the pleasant features of the day. The young ladies who assisted during the reception were classmates at Mrs. Sommers' school, from which Miss Dimmick was graduated as valedictorian last June. That she is to be a social success in Washington is as-

She had quantities of flowers sent from far and near, which were heaped on tables near the receiving party. She carried an immense bouquet of orchids and white lilacs.

Among the guests were many prominent in the official and social life of Washington. Among the distinguished personages were included senators, Supreme court judges and their wives, and others. One of the handsomest ladies present was Mrs. Dolliver, wife of the recently appointed senator from Iowa. Commissioner of Immigration Powderly was among these whose faces were familiar. Of course, Minister Wu Ting Fang "occupied the middle of the stage" much of the time. The banquet hall, or ball room, in which the guests were served with refreshments and where they lingered long in the becoming rosy light from the chandeliers and many candles, is a magnificent room, perhaps one bundred feet long, extending in irregular outlines defined by the deep window embrasures. The floor of inlaid woods was polished to the most precarious degree of glassiness, until it reflected the hue of the roses gathered in masses on the pale rose-tinted walls. The table was set at the farther end and about it throngs surged to see the elaborate decorations, the enormous bouquets of American Beauty roses, the lovely pink baskets of fruit, and the triumphs of the confectioner's art.

From a palm-screened balcony the orchestra played exquisite music. The receiving party stood at the en-trance of the red drawing room, which was separated from the banquet hall by a lower corridor, reached by short staircases, and lined with palms and Marguerites.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Jones, of 746 Madison avenue, entertained at dinner on Wednesday evening, covers being laid for twelve. Besides the host and hostess, there were present Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Zehnder, Mr. and Mrs. David Cottell, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Moore, Mrs. Pettigrew, Mrs. Bethune Mr. Arthur Pethune and Mr. Arthur

Mr. J. T. Porter gave a dinner on Tuesday night to the directors of the Dale; Miss Carrie Hutchings, Miss Traders' bank. The guests were: W. Watson, Charles Messrs. Louise Albro, Miss Mary Delaney, Miss Schlager, Frank Phillips, C. E. Chittenden, E. J. Robinson, Edward Jones. W. L. Connell, L. W. Morss, C. P. Matthews.

> There will be a rummage sale for the benefit of Penn Avenue Baptist church next Saturday, all day and evening, also during the day Monday and Tuesday, February 18 and 19, at 126 Washington avenue.

The MacDowell concert at Concordia hall, Wilkes-Barre, Monday night will

attract many Scranton visitors. Tickets are on sale at Powell's.

Movements of People

T. J. Duffy returned last night from Harrisburg o spend Sunday.

Ex-Senator M. E. McDonald was in Harrisburg, resterday, on a business trip.

Captain J. C. Delaney returned to Harrisburg resterday morning, after a pleasant visit in the

city.

Captain Thomas Kelley returned from Boston last night, after a cruise of some weeks.

Charles Wiggins, the former jury commussioner, is able to be about, after a week's illness with the grip.

Miss Bena M. Megargel, of 613 North Washlagton avenue, is spending a few weeks with friends in Philadelphia.

Representatives John Scheuer, jr., Edward

re home from Harrisburg. T. E. Clarke, general superintendent of the Lackawanna railread, has returned from a few lays business trip to New York. Rev. Dr. George E. Guild returned to the city yesterday from Walton, N. Y., where he had been called by the sickness of his father.

* ibibabibabibabibabibabib HER POINT OF VIEW 5 **SUMMUMMUMMAN**

T IS NO wonder that the Chinese minister is so much on the tongue of the public. He is unique, he is superb, notwithstanding his slanting point of view when he gravely suggested that the way to solve the negro problem is by miscegnation. This is one of the few slips he has made in his diplomatic career, for he is a born, as well as a trained diplomat. When you talk with him with the honest endeavor to adjust your mind to oriental standards as you may know them, you suddenly find yourself all at sea as regards your previous conceptions and views. Minister Wu Ting Fang is no more an oriental than he is a Navajo. He is as much Irish in his nimble wit as he is German in his metaphysical turn of mentality. He is as much French in his politeness as he is Mohammedan in dignity. He laughs merrily like an Italian boy and shows every one of his firm white beautiful teeth and yet you catch him giving you a steady curious glance just as a Yankee with a row of ingenious brain cells might mentally speculate on your abilities or your bank account and how you made it. He is a cosmopolite and belongs as much to our own race even if his eyes are a trifle askew as he belongs to the land of lies and past intellectual greatness,

"Mr. Minister" appears to be the correct form of salutation when one greets the Chinese representative. At least that is what the fine ladies who crowded round him the other day were

pleased to say at every other breath. He had a beautiful time, Mr. Minister had. He smiled and smiled until the jaunty red cap with the button on the front blazing with large diamonds, almost slipped down his queue. Nicely braided and sleek was that same queue, but ah me! it grew thin at the ends and alas there were many little silvery hairs deftly following its kinks. Even great personages like Mr. Wu cannot preserve eternal youth, although his thick, well groomed moustache is as black as ever and his dark eyes flash with much of the fire of youth.

He were a splendid red robe richly embroidered which came far down to his feet, in their funny shoes. It seemed rather decollete-that red robe, as compared with all the other gentlemen with their second story stiff white collars, but his brown muscular throat rose firm and pleasing in its lines and perhaps it was rather better in contour than the average girlish neck tortured

and compressed by tight collars, One who had seen him last summe at the convention in Philadelphia remarked upon his gorgeous yellow robes on that occasion. "Ah, yes," he re marked, "Yellow is the imperial color, That was the day Mr. McKinley was nominated, was it not?" Thus leaving a pleasant little impression with the implied compliment.

There is no use denying the fact that the Chinese are a curious people. They certainly thirst for knowledge and Mr. Wu is no exception. He is out after information. His persistence in acquiring it is truly a study. The subject of conversation the other afternoon turned upon Senator Quay. "Now why do so many people not like Mr. Quay?" demanded the minister

een reading the North American or the Philadelphia Press," replied the Pennsylvania woman whom he had corralled with his interrogations. She enleavored to explain that a very large number of people indeed were devout admirers of the senior senator, when Mr. Wu remarked half inquiringly.

To be the pattern to all Queens, all Kings. Wu remarked half inquiringly, "But you Pennsylvania women can't vote?" votes apiece was the retort, which in- 1 The subjects of her Sceptre, prend to pray stantly arrested his attention." "Now "God save our Empress-Queen Victoria!" how do you do that?" he demanded on But those, our kinsmen evensua, that cling. the instant, and when told that Penn- With no less pride, to Kingless government sylvania women were rather apt to lionored and loved Her, halled her Queen manage their husbands rather successfully he was intensely alive to the subject and simply wouldn't drop it until practically had a diagram of the methods employed. A process which To deem it limitles, and half forget egan in a joke by his victim soon be-

portions for he proceeded to take notes | Can only how discomplate heads and weep, of the replies elicited. | And look out from our lonely hearths and see The next matter which engaged his The homeless drifting of the winter mist.

And hear the requiem of the winter wind attention was queries concerning his host. Mr. Wu was determined to discover the amount of Mr. Connell's And wortal need for immortality "Now just how much is he he imperatively demanded. The question was embarrassing and besides Mr. Connell had never taken the public into his confidence on the subpublic into his confidence on the subject hence Mr. Wu's thirst for knowledge on this point was destined to remain unslaked but he certainly was persistent in the matter even to the extent of consulting a member of the

family about it. "I like to go to teas," he announced with the placid amiability of a child as he contentedly munched a bon bon. "My wife she does not often go. She has the little feet and it is hard for her to stand. You know in my country the women squeeze their feet, you squeeze your waists instead," and he smiled guilelessly. "But me I like to go to teas and I always cat the good things and talk with the ladies. talk with them much." Then he suddenly began to struggle with a small pink ribbon which had been tied about n bread stick and which in his absorp tion in talking he had omitted to re move.

"I am eating something which does not belong," he remarked peacefully as he extricated it from between his teeth and went on saying pretty com-

Minister Wu is a genius. It is no wonder he is popular and in the greatest demand for all social affairs. Saucy Bess.

THE OLDEST ORNAMENTS.

From the London Telegraph.

The great and mysterious Goddess of Fashion has, for some reason been known to herself, decreed that beads should come into vogue again. That commanding whisper which comes from no visible source and yet is heard and obeyed everywhere has passed through the world of womankind, and the observant may already notice strings of many colored beads appearing on the north and heart the world of womankind and the observant may already notice strings of many colored beads appearing on the north and heart the world of womankind. should come into vogue again. That necks and breasts, the wrists and tresses of the fair votaries of the goddess. In this her edict she goes back to a mode never really out of favor since humanity first took to self-adornment. Beads are certainly the most ancient of all forms of the bedecking of the body, unless we except the field and forest blossoms.

Nobody knows who first invented peads. Perhaps it was some primitive savage who found nuts or oak balls in the forest, drilled by the wood worm, and threaded them together on a stalk of grass. Anything and everything with a hole in it served at the beginning for beads-cowrie shells, fish teeth, claws of beasts, striped and spotted seeds and the like. But the great age of beads began with the invention of glass, and the Egyptians, Carthaginians and Phoenicians gen-erally were skilled craftsmen at beadmaking. Their methods were much the same as may be seen today in Venice or any other chief seat of the art.
It would astonish many new wearers

of beads to learn how immense is their production and how wide their distri-bution. Venice alone has long been accustomed to send forth every ten years 320,000 quintals of beads, worth 65,000 lire, and in many other spots a steady manufacture is always proceeding to supply the insatiable demands of Zanzibar. The dusky belle must have beornaments substantial, since they will pass through many a rude proof in cave and kraal. And your well-made Venetian bead will practically last forever, unchanged in beauty. There must be plenty of beads worn at this day in Africa which were left there by the traders of King Solomon, who trafficked to Ophir, or those more daring mariners of Tyre and Sidon, who sailed for trade to the land of Punt and, perhaps, even to the Zambesi river.

THE LAUREATE'S LAUREL.

Alfred Austin on Victoria's Death. May 24, 1819-Jan. 22, 1901. Dead! And the world feels widowed!

That She who scarce but yesterday upheld The dome of Empire, so the twain seemed one, Whose greedness shore and radiated round The circle of her still expanding Rule, Whose Septre was self-sacrifice, whose Throne Only a lottier height from which to scan The purpose of her People, their desires, Thoughts, hopes, fears, needs, joys, sorrows, sat

Their strength in weal, their comforter in woe, That this her mortal habitation should cold and tenanticse! Alas! Alas! The meaning and the pricelessness of Love, Not understood till lost. But She-but She Was loved as Monarch ne'er was loved before From girlhood unto wemanhood, and grew In grace and comclinese until the day More closely wedded to her People's beart. each fresh tie that knitted Her to Him ose one sole thought was how she

Helpmate to England; England then; scare Or bounded by the name of British Realm,

But by some native virtue broadening out Into an Empire wider than all names, Till, like some thousand-years, out-branching of Its mildness overshadowed half the globe With peaceful arms and hospitable leaves,

But there came to Her an hour, When nor Sceptre, Throne nor Power, Children's love nor nation's griet Brought oblivion or relief. When the Consort at her side, Was by Heaven's divine decree As dethroned by her distress, Veiled her widowed loneliness: And, though longing still to hear Voice so reverenced and dear, All her People understood Sacredness of Widowhood,

Then when She came amongst them yet on

came in Autumn radiance, Summer gone, Leaf still on branch but fruit upon the cough Fruit of long years and ripe experience, A shade of grave betweenent on her face, Without more wise, more pitiful, tender in To others' anguish and necessities, More loved, more reverenced, even than before Till not alone the dwellers in Her Isle, like Mr. Quay?" demanded the minister in an interested tone. "Now you've in far-off seas and virgin Continents They won and wedded to domestic laws And home's well-ordered household sanctities, Haifed Her as Mother of the Mother Land,

Queen, Empress, more than Empress Queen. The Lady of the World, on high cutbroned All women, and the consciences of in Who look on duty as man's only right "No but we control several Nor yet alone to these empowered to be

Queens, ecries among all women in the world. And long and late this happy season were, This mellow, gracious Autumn of her days, This sweet, grave Indian Semmer, till we gree ortality's decree. And now there falls ame embarrassing in its serious pro- A sudden sadness on our lives, and we

> visibly conceive, I seem to hear A well-remembered voice, august and mile

The tearful sadness at the heart of things

Give Him what to Me you gave,

and these gifts He back will give

Long as He shall rough and live,

Reverence, Loyalty and Love!

the am watching from

'Dry your tears and cease to weep, Dead I am not, no, asleep, And usleep but to your seeing, Lating on life's other share Looking thence, I still will be, Weighted with my Crown of care. Over you I still will reign. still will comfort and sustain. Through all welfare, through all iff, You shall be my People still. I have left you, of my race, Sens of wisdom, wives of gra-Who again have offspring, reared To tevere and be revered, Those on Mighty Thrones, and these Doomed thereto when Heaven decrees Chief amongst them all is One, Well you know, my first-born Son, Best and tenderest son to me, lieir of my Authority. He through all my lonelier years Tempered with his smile my tears, and was, in my widowed want, Comforter and confident. Therefore, trustful, steadfast, brave,

> This is what the man read: -Alfred Austin.

TREASURER POTTER VIGOROUS AT 82

Eighty-two years old, and free from a count of very poor health. I was ches, pains and feebleness! The last account of very poor health. I was chergies of men and women advanced ten years of his life the healthiest he suffering from a number of old chronic in years, there can be no substitute for has known. And forty-five years-a life span for

most people-of hard work and responsibility as a bank cashier and June, 1891, I commenced the use of name of a true nerve food and blood treasurer to look back upon.

Paine's celery compound. After takFor the past ten years Mr. Potter ing a few bottles I found that the old

has never known a day of serious sick- complaints began to ease up, which every state in the Union to tone up fered from nervous prostration that compound. clung to him for six years.

That this remarkable immunity from weakness and disease, at such a time like myself. Since then I have taken in life, has not happened by chance, a few bottles in the spring and fall as no one knows better than the aged treasurer himself. In June, 1891, when between as a preventative. suffering from a number of old chronic complaints, Mr. Potter was induced by relatives to use Painc's celery comwas immediately beneficial. The un-Mr. Potters' grateful letter to the proelso a full knowledge of what it has ione for very many of his friends to the great remedy that made him well. Mr. Potter's letter is given in its en-

Centreville, R. I. Wells, Richardson & Co., Gentlemen:-I have the utmost faith in Paine's celery compound, because of the great good that it has done me and many others of my acquaintance that has come under my personal

knowledge within the last seven years.

BETTER THAN A PLEDGE.

How Dr. John Wesley Brown Helped

a Man to Give Up Liquor Habit. From the Cleveland Plain Dealer, A Cleveland man tells this pathetic and characteristic story of the late cident occurring while he was rector you fall come here and tell me about Rev. Dr. John Wesley Brown, the inof Trinity church in this city. The story was told the narrator by the doctor himself.

One evening a stranger called at the rectory on Superior street, adjoining the church. He was a well dressed, well appearing man, but evidently in deep trouble.

"Dr. Brown," he said, "I have come to you for advice and assistance. am a victim of the drink habit. I have an excellent position-I am cashier for wealthy corporation-and I know cannot retain it unless I reform. I want you to draw up a pledge for me -make it as strong as you can, please -and I will sign it, and you will wit-

Dr. Brown leaned back and looked at the man. "How long have you been drinking

o excess?" he asked.

The man told him it was five or six ask you to drink again. Woll, sir, I years; ever since he obtained his present position. He only drank to excess it to took it seriously. when he was with his friends. Ho was with his friends he would forget times they laid it down without a himself and overstep the limit, Sometimes he didn't go on a spree for a whole month, but the attacks were tor. "Have courage and try and make growing more frequent. He seemed to e losing his will power. "My friend." said the doctor, "you

don't need a pledge. I see in you a victim of good comradeship. You are far from being an ordinary drunkard. If you signed a temperance pledge and broke it-as you undoubtedly would do-it would still further degrade you in your own eyes. I do not advise the

The man looked dumfounded. "But what am I to do?" he gasped The doctor drew a card from his desk and rapidly wrote a few lines. "There." he said, "read that."

From the London Mail. In these days when the public mind is at "To my friends: I find I am becomtension on the subject of war it may not be

Eighty-two years old, and free from | In 1865 I had to give up business on | complaints. Among the rest, I had complete nervous prostration from which I suffered for six years. In

ness. Previous to that time he suf-ered from nervous prostration that compound. I soon got over all of restore health and strength. those troubles that had clung to me for so long, and got out and was more tonic, and sometimes a few bottles

I am inclined to believe in the old adage that "An ounce of prevention is worth more than a pound of cure." round for the first time. The effect so when there has been prevailing sickness in the community, such as interrupted good health that he has grippe, malaria, fevers, etc., I take the since enjoyed dates from that time, compound, and thus far have had none of these ailments, although they have prietors of Paine's celery compound is been prevalent all around me, so that based on long personal experience and | I have great faith in Paine's celery compound as a preventative. I have recommended the compound to very whom he has in turn recommended many of my friends, and I have the satisfaction of knowing that it has done them very much good.

> 15 years was secretary and treasurer of the new savings bank in connection with the National Bank, My position in the banks, was my

last work. I am 82 years old, Most sincerely yours

J. B. POTTER.

ing a victim of the liquor habit. If I

do not quit I am sure to lose my posi-

tion and ruin myself. For God's sake,

and I will sign it as a witness. All

I ask of you is to show the card when

temptation is at your elbow, and if

It was a full month before the man

"I expected you long before thir,"

stranger. "Tell me about it. Did you

"Yes." replied the man. "The first

time was the very next night after 1

called on you. A good friend, a rail-

road men, came into the office and af-

ter I had checked up his accounts

said: 'Come, Charlie, let's go over to

the Oyster House and have a drink."

Well, sir, I was reaching for my hat

when I remembered the card. I took

it out and handed it to him. I thought

looked at me and he looked at the

card. And then he slowly out his arm

down on the counter and said: 'Char-

lie. I'd sooner cut that hand off than

snowed that card several times after

that, and every blessed man I showed

they said, 'All right, old boy,' Some-

word. And then-it was last night-

"You are doing well," said the doe

the interval a little longer next time."

came back. The next time it was six

narrator, "it is nearly two years since

his last call, and I have every reason

you see, I was quite right. It wasn't

THE LAST FIGHT IN ARMOR.

necessary to come to me again.

pledge that he needed."

believe that he will not find !

months.

It was three months before the man

"And now," said the doctor to the

I forgot about it, and here I am."

Sometimes

he would never finish reading it.

returned, worried and dejected.

said the doctor, as he greated

There," said Dr. Brown, "sign that

don't ask me to drink with you."

it. There! Good night."

show the card?"

For recruiting the strength and spent

Nothing in the past has ever aproached it in power of building up ceakened nerve tissues and giving strength to the tired body. In severe ases of persistent headaches, dyspepda, neuralgia and sleeplessness, due to nervous feebleness. Paine's celery compound has a record of rapid and lasting cures that embraces every city and town in the wide sweep of the United States.

Its remarkable power over disease lies in its active replacing of worn-out parts by new, healthy ones, and its healing and purifying action among the most minute tissues of the body.

The heavy, alarming pain in the back and loins disappears; the growing paleness, nervousness, and loss of I was cashier of the bank in South | flesh is stopped, and a bright, buoyant County for 29 years, and for the last, feeling gradually takes the place of that unending sense of tire and pervous depression. An improved appetite, sound diges-

tion, uninterrupted sleep, and an energetic pervous condition invariably follaw the use of Paine's celery compound.

BEAUTY, THE CONQUEROR BELLAVITA

Arsenic Beauty Tablets and Pills. A per-ectly safe and guaranteed treatment for all skin lisorders. Restores the bloom of youth to faded faces, 0 drys' treatment 50c; 20 days' \$1.00, by mall sens for circular. Address, """ Address & Jackson Sts., Chicar Sold by McGarrah & Thomas, Druggists., 209 Lackswanna ave., Scranton, Pa.

ninteresting to recall what is believed to be he last occasion when suits of armer were worn European soldiers on the battlefield. Napoleonie wars, took place in 1709, when a wall French force was holding the little fore Aquilla, in the Aerozzi, against a rising of

is mostle peasantry of the district.
The French were not strong enough to first self way through the line of their opponents. outnumbered them by twenty to one, wails, the latter had no guts, the Frenchmen could old their position with confidence.

There were, however, left on the space lying batween the opposing forces some dezen of so guns, which the belrogiered bad not been able take with them into the fort.

An attempt was made by the besiegers to re-eve these guns by means of a long rope worked a capstan placed in a house a short distance way, and, though their first endeators resulted a tailure, the French realized that the ultimate me of the ordnance would seriously jeopatuthe chances of the fort holding out.

The recessity of spiking the guns was apparent, but a sortle in the face of the overwhelming unkerry fire of the insurgents was out of the estion. At this juncture an idea occurred to artillery officer. He remembered having no it, in making an inspection of the magazine, one old plate arrays, and, relecting from the est prescrived twelve suits, he determined to y whether they would not afford sufficient pro-ction for his men to attempt to work under

ver of their own guns. Twelve stabuarts therefore marched out, chat in this cumbrous, unaccustomed accountment, taking with them the necessary tools, and suc-ceeded in executing their purpose under a hail of bullets from the hesiegers.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

Miss been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. I. SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GYMS. ALLAYS all PAIN; CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. Sold bedruggists in every part of the world. Be wire and ask for "Min Window's Southing Syring, and take no other kind. Twenty are cents a bottle.

To Make Room for

New Spring

We Offer These Astonishing Bargains Saturday and Monday at About Half Price. . . .

44 Children	's Coats at.		\$2.95, \$	3.95, \$4.95
12 Ladies'	Cailor Suits	at	*** *** *** ***	\$5.75
9		at		
7 11		at		
sizes 32 Our price 48 Flannel \$1.	to 46. The Saturday a Waists, fine 50 Waists	Vrappers in he material and Monday by finished a for	Greys, Blue would cos and desirable \$1.0	es aud Reds, t you 80c590 shades 00 25
		"		
		Waists, blue		
\$6.50 W	aists for ?	\$4.95 \$5.0	o Waists for	r\$3,50
32 Ladies'	Coats, our e	ntire stock	of Winter	Coats, their
2. 1	-			

MEARS&HAGEN

415-417 Lackawanna Avenue.